The playe called the foure P

A new and very mery enterlude of a Palmer.
a pardoner.
a Poticary.
a Pedler.

Made by John Heewode.

NOw god be here who kepth this place
Now by my fayth I cry you mercy
Of reason I must sew for grace
My rudnes sheweth me not so homely
Wherof your pardon axt and wonne
I sew now as curtesy doth me bynde
To tell this whiche shall be begonne
In order as may come best in mynde
I am a palmer as you se
which of my life muche part hath spēt
In many a farr and fayre countre
As pylgrimes do of good intent
At Jerusalem haue I bene
Before Christes blessed Sepulture
The mount of Calnarye haue I sene
A holy place ye may be sure
To Josaphat and Olyuete
On fote God wote I went rycht bare
Many a salt teare did I sweete
Before this carkes wolde come thare
yet haue I been at Rome also
And gone the stacions all arowe
Saynt peters shryne and many mo
Then if I colde all ye do knowe
Except that there be any suche
that hath bene there and dilygently
Hath taken hede and marked muche
Then cane they speke as muche as I
then at the Roodes also I was
And rounde about to Amias
at saynt Concomber and saynt Fronion
At saynt Fothulph and saynt Anne of Buckston
On ỹ hilles of Armony where I sawe Noes arke
With holy Job and saint George in Southwarke
At Walsam, and at Walsingam

And at the good roode of Dagnam
at saynt Corneles, at saynte James in Gales
And at saynte Winefrides well in wales
at our lady of Boston, at saint Edmundes bery
And streyght to saynte patrikes purgatory
at rydibone, and at the bloud of Hayles
Where pilgrimes paynes right muche auayles
at saynte Denis, and at saynt Denis
At sainte Mathewe, and saynt Marke in Venis
at mayster John Shorne in Caunterbury
The great God of Katewarde, at kynge Herry
At saynt Saviours at our Lady of Sothwell
at Crome, at wyllsom, and at Muswell
at saynte Rycharde, and at saynte Roke
and at our lady that standeth in the Oke
To these with other many one
Deuoutly haue I prayed and gone
Praying to them to praye for me
Unto the blyssed trinitie
By whose prayers and my dayly payne
I truste the sonner to obtayne
For my saluacion grace, and mercy
For be ye sure I thynke surely
Whoseeuer sayntes for Christes sake
And namely suche as payne do take
On sote to punysshe thy frayle body
Shall there by merite more hyely
Then by any thynge done by man

Pardoner.

And whan ye haue gone as fare as you can
For all your labour and ghostly entent
yet welcome home as wyse as ye went.

Plamer.

why syr dispise ye pylgrymage

Pardoner.

Nay for God syr then dyd I rage

I thynck ye ryght well occupyed
To seke these sayntes on euery syde
Also your payne I not dispraysel it
But yet I dyscommende your wyt
and or we go euen so shall ye
yf you in this wyll answere mee
I praye you shewe what the cause is
ye went all these pylgrymages

Palmer.

For soth this lyke I dyd begyn
To ryd the bondage of my syn
For which these sayntes reheled or this
I haue both sought and sene I wis
Beseechyng them to be recorde
Of all my payne vnto the lorde
that gyueth all remyssyon
Vpon eche mannes contriction
And by theyr good medytacion
Vpon myne humble submission
I truste to haue in very dede
For my soule helth the better speede.

Pardoner.

Now is your owne confession lyckely
To make your selfe a fole quickely
For I perceyue ye woulde obtayne
No nother thynge for all your payne
But onely grace your soule to saue
Now marke in this what wyt ye haue
To seke so farre and helpe so nye
Euen here at home is remedye
For at your doore my selfe doth dwell
Who could haue saued your soule as wel
As all your wyde wanderyng shall do
though ye went thryse to Jericho
Now syns ye myght haue spede at home
What haue ye won by ronning to Rome

Palmer.

If this be true that ye haue moued
Then is my wytte in dede reproued
But let vs heare first what ye are.

Pardoner.

Truely I am a pardoner.

Palmer.

Truely a pardoner that may be trewe
But a trewe pardoner doth not ensewe
Ryght selde is it seene or neuer
that trewth and pardoners dwell together
For be your pardons neuer so great
yet them to enlarge ye wyll not let
With suche lyes that ofte tymes Chryste wote
ye seme to haue that ye haue not
Wherfore I went my selfe to the selfe thynge
In euery place, and without taynynge
Had as muche pardon there assuredly
As ye can promyse me here doutfully
How be it I thynke ye do but scofe
But if ye had all the pardon ye speke of
and no whyte of pardon graunted
In any place where I haue haunted
yet of my labour I nothyng repent
God hath respect howe eche tyme is spēt
and as in his knowledge all is regarded
So by his goodnes all is rewarded.

Pardoner.

By this fyrst part of this last tale
It semeth ye come to late from the ale
For reason on your syde so farre doth falle
that ye leue sonyng and begyn to rayle
Wherin ye forget your owne part clerely
For ye be as vntrewe as I
and in one poynt ye are beyonde me
For ye may lye by authoritie

And all that hath wandred so farre
That no man can be their controller
And wher ye esteme your labour so much
I saye yet agayne my pardons be suche
That yf they were a thousand soules on a heye
I wolde bringe them all to heauen as good cheye
As ye haue brought your selfe on pylgrimage
In the least quarter of your vyage
Which as farre a this syde heauen by god
There your labour and pardone is od
With small coste, and without any payne
these pardons bringeth them to heauen playne
Geue me but a peny, or two pence
and as sone as the soule departeth hens
in halfe a houre, or three quarters at moste
The soule is in heauen with the holy ghoste.

Poticarye.

Sende ye any soules to heauen be water

pardoner.

yf we do syr what is the mater

potycary.

By god I haue a dyre soule shulde thyther
I pray you let our soules go to heauen togyther
So busy you twayne be in soule helth
May not a potycary come by selth
yes that we will by saynte Antony
And by the leue of this company
proue ye false knaues both or we go
in parte of your sayinges as this so
Thou by thy trauayle thinkest heauen to get
and thou by pardons & relyques countest not let
To sende thyne owne soule to heauen sure
and all other whom thou lyste to procure
yf I toke an action then were they blanke
For lyke theues the knaues rob away my thank
All soules in heauen hauinge releke

Sall they thāk your craftes nay thāk myne chef
No soule ye knowe entreth heauen gate
Tyll from the body he be seperate
And whome haue ye knowne die honestli
without helpe of the poticary
Nay all that commeth to our handlinge
Except ye hap to come to hangynge
that way parchaunce ye shall not mister
To go to heauen without a glester
But be ye sure I wolde be wo
yf ye should chaunce to begyle me so
As good to lye with me a nyght
as hange abrode in the mone lyght
theere is no choyse to flie my hande
But as I sayde into the bande
Syns of our soules the multytude
I sende to heauen when all is vewed
who should but I then all together
Haue thanke of al their cōming thither.

pardoner.

yf ye kylde a thousande in an houre space
when come they to heauē dying frō state of grace

poticary.

yf a thousād pardōs about your necks were tied
when come they to heauen yf they neuer dyed.

palmer.

Longe lyfe after good workes in dede
Doth hynder mannes receit of mede
And death before one dewty done
May make vs thynke we dye to sone
yet better tary a thynge then haue it
Then go so sone and vaynly craue it.

pardoner.

The longer ye dwell in communicacion
Thy lesse shall ye lyke this ymaginacion
For ye maye perceyue at the fyrste chope

your tale is trapt in such a slop
that at the least ye seme worse then we.

Poticary.

By the masse I holde vs nought all three.

Pedler.

By our lady then haue I gone wronge
And yet to be here I thought longe

Poticary.

Brother ye haue gone wronge no whyt
I prayse your fortune and your wyt
That can dereete you so discretely
to plante you in this company
Thou palmer and thou a pardoner
I a Poticary.

Pedler.

And I a pedler.

Potycary.

Now on my fayth full well watched
Where the Deuyll were we foure hatched.

Pedler.

That maketh no mater lyns we be matched
I could be merryst that I catched
Some money for part of the ware in my packe

Poticarie.

What the deuyll hast thou there at thy backe.

Pedler.

Why doest thou not know that euery pedler
In euery trifull must be a medler
Specially in womens triflynges
Those vse we chiefly e aboue all thynges
Which thynges to se if ye be disposed
Beholde what ware here is disclosed
This gere sheweth it selfe in suche bewte
That eche man thinketh it sayeth come by me
Loke where your selfe can lyke to be chosen
your selfe shall make pryce though I be loser

Is there nothyng for me father palmer
Haue ye not a wanton in a corner
For all your walkynge to holy places
By chryst I haue herde of as straung cases
Who lyueth in loue or loue wolde wynne
Euen at this packe he muste begynne
Where is right many a proper token
Of whiche by name parte shalbe spoken
Glaues, pinnes, combes, glasses, vnspoted
Pomanders, hookes, and lases knotted
Broches, rynges, and all manner bedes
Lace rounde and flat for womens heades
Nedels, thred, thimbel sheres, & al suche knackes
Where louers be no suche thynges lackes
Sipers, swathbondes, ribandes and sleue laces
Gyrdels, knyues, purses, ād pyncases.

Poticary.

Do women bye their pyncases of you:

Pedler.

yea that they do I make god a vowe

Poticarie.

So mote I thryue then for my parte
I beshrewe thy knaues naked herte
For making my wiues pincase so wide
The pinnes fal out they can not abide
Fette pines she must haue one or other
If she lese one she will fynde an other
Wherin I fynde cause to complayne
New pines to her pleasure & my paine

Pardoner.

Syr ye seme well sene in womēs causes
I praye you tell me what causeth this
That wemen after theyr arylynge
Be so longe in theyr apparelynge.

Pedler.

For soth women haue many lettes.

And they be masked in many nettes
As frontlettes, fillettes, partlettes, & braceletes
And then theyr bonettes, and theyr poynettes
By these lettes, and nettes, the let is suche
That spede is small when haste is muche.

potycary.

An other cause why they come not forwarde
Whiche maketh them daely to draw backwarde
And yet is a thynge they can nat forbeare
The trimming and pinning vp theyr gere
Specially their fidling with the tayle pyn
And when they wolde haue it prickt in
yf it chaunce to duble in the clothe
then be they wood, and swereth an othe
Tyll it stande right they wyl not forsake it
Thus though it may not yet wolde they make it
But be ye sure they do but defarre it
For when they wolde make it oft tymes marre it
But pricke them and pin them as nigh as ye wyl
And yet wyll they looke for pinning styll
So that I durst holde you a ioynt
ye shall neuer haue them at a full poynt.

pedler.

Let womens matters passe, and marke myne
What euer theyr poyntes be, these points be fine
Wherfore yf ye be wyllyng to bye
Ley downe money, come of quickelye

Plamer.

Nay by me trouth we be lyke friers
We are but beggers, we be no byers.

Pardoner.

Syr you may shewe your ware for your mynde
But I thynke ye shall no profit fynde.

pedler,

Wel though this iourney acquite no coste
yet thinke I not my labour loste

For by the fayth of my bodye
I lyke full well this companye
Up shall this packe for it is playne
I came not hither all for gayne
Who may not playe one daye in a weke
May thincke his thrift farre to seke
Deuise what pastyme ye thinke best
And make ye sure to fynde me prest.

Poticarye.

Why be ye so vniuersall
That ye can do what so euer ye shall

pedler.

Sir yf ye lyst to appose me
What I can do, then shall ye see

poticary.

Thē tel me this be ye parfit in drinkig

pedler.

Parfyt in prynkyng, as may be wi3t bi thinking

poticarye.

Then after your drinking, how kal ye to winking

pedler,

Syr after dryngking, while the shote is tinkynge
Som heades be swiming, but mine wil be sinkig
And vpon drinkyng, myne eyes wyll be pinkynge
For wynkyng to drynkynge is alwaye iinkynge

poticarye.

Then drynke and slepe ye can well do
But yf ye were desyred therto
I praye you tell me can ye synge:

pedler.

Syr I haue some syghte in syngynge

potycary.

But is your breste any thynge swete.

pedler.

what euer my brest be, mi voice is met

poticary.

That answere sheweth you aryght synging man
Now what is your wyll good father than.

Palmer.

What helpeth wyll where is no skyll
pardoner.
and what helpeth skil wher is no wyl

Poticary

For wyll or skyll what helpeth it
wher froward knaues be lacking wit
Leaue of this curiosytie
And who that lyst synge after me
Here the synge.

Pedler.

This lyketh me well so mote I the

Pardoner.

So helpe me god it lyketh not me
where company is met & wel agreed
Good pastime doth right wel in dede
But who can syt in dalyaunce
When syt in suche a varyaunce
As we were set or ye came in
which strife this man did first begine
Allegyng that suche men as vse
For loue of God and not refuse
One fote to goe from place, to place.
A pylgrimage callyng for grace
Shall in that payne with penitence
Obtayne discharge of conscience
Comparyng that lyfe for the best
Enduccion to your endlesse reste
Upon these words our matter grew
For yf he cou[illegible]de auowe them trewe
As good to be a gardener
as for to be a pardoner
But when I heard hym so fare wide
I then approched and replyed

Sayinge this, that his indulgence
Hauynge the for sayde penitence
Dischargeth man of all offence
with much more profite thē this pretēce
I alke but two pence at the moste
Iwys this is not very great coste
And for all payne without dyspayre
My soule for his kepe euen his chayre
And when he dyeth he may be sure
To come to heauen euen at pleasure
and more then heauen he may not get
How farre soeuer he lyst to iet
Then is his payne more then is his wyte
To walke to heauen synce he ma sytte
Syr as we were in thys contencion
In came this dawe with his inuention
Reuilyng vs hym selfe auaunt yage
That all the soules to heauen ascending
are mooste bounde to the potycarye
Because he helpeth mooste men to dye
Before which death he sayeth indede
No soule in heauen can haue his meede

Pedler.

Why dooe potycaryes kyll menne

Poticary.

By God menne say so now and then

pedler.

And I thought you wolde not haue mist
To make men lyue as longe as ye lyst.

potycary.

As long as we lest, nay as long as they can

pedler.

So myght we lyue wythout you than

potycary.

ye a but it is necessary
For to haue a potycary.

For when ye fele your conscience redye
I can send you to heauen very quickly
Wherfore concernyng our matter here
Aboue these twayne I am best clere
And yf he lyste to take me so
I am content you and no mo
Shall be our iudge as in this case
Which of vs thre shal take ẏ beste place
pedler.
I neyther wyll iudge the best nor worst
For be ye blyste or be ye curste
ye knowe it is no whit my sleyghte
To be a iudge in matters of wayghte
It behoueth no pedlers nor proctours
To take on thē iudgment as doctours
But if your myndes be only set
To worke for soule helth yè be wel met
For eche of you somwhat doth shew
that souls toward heuē bi you do grow
Then if ye can sō well agree
to continue together all three
And all you three obey one wyll
Then all your mindes you may fulfyll
As yf ye came all to one man
who shuld goe pilgrimage more thē he
In that ye palmer as debyte (can
May clerely dyscharge him parde
and for al other sins once had contriciō
your pardon giueth him full remyssion
And then ye maister poticary
May sende hym to heauen by and by
poticary.
If he taste of this boxe nye about the prime
By the masse he is in heauen or euensonge tyme
My crafte is suche that I can ryght well
Sende my frindes to heauen and my selfe to hell

But syrs marke this man for he is wise
who coulde deuyse suche a deuise
For yf we three may be as one
Then be we lordes euerichone
Betwene vs all coulde not be misse
To saue the soules of whome we lyste
But for good order at a worde
Twayne of vs must waite on the third
And vnto that I doo agre
For both you twayne shall wait on me
What chaunce is this that such an elfe
Lõmaunded to knaues be beside him
pardoner. (selfe
Nay nay my frende that wyll not be
I am to good to wayte on thee.
palmer.
By our Lady and I wolde be lothe
To waite on the better of you bothe
pedler.
yet be ye sure for all this doute
This wayting must be brought about
Men cannot prosper wilfully led
All thynge decayed where is no hed
Wherfore doutles marke what I saye
To one of you three twayne muste obey
And sins ye canot agree in voyce
Who shalbe hed there is no choyse
But deuise some maner thynge
Wherin ye all be lyke commynge
And in the same who can do best
The other twayne to make them preste
In euery thyng of his intente
Holy to be at commaundymente
And nowe I haue founde one maystry
That ye can do indifferently
And is nother sellynge nor byinge

But euen onely verye lyinge.
And all ye three can lye as well
As can the fallest deuyll in hell
and thoughe afore ye herde me grudge
In greater matters to be your iudge
yet in lyinge I can some skyll
And yf I shall be iudge I wyll
and be ye sure without flattery
Where my conscience fyndeth ỹ maystry
There shall my iudgement strayght be founde
Though I myght wene a thousande pounde.

Palmer.

Syr for lyinge though I can do it
yet am I loth for to go to it.

Pedler.

ye haue no cause to feare, beholde
For ye may be vncontrolled
and ye in this haue good aduauntage
For lying is your common vsage
and you in lying be well spedde
For al your craft doth stand in falshed
ye nede not care who shall begyn
For eche of you may hope to wyn
Now speake all three euen as ye fynde
Be ye agreed to followe my mynde.

Palmer.

yea by my trouth I am content

Pardoner.

Now in good fayth and I assent

Potycary.

yf I denyed I were a nodye
For all is myne by goddes body.

Here the potecary hoppeth.

Palmer.

Here were a hopper to hope for the rynge
But lyrs this gere goth not by hoppynge

Botycary.

Syr in this hoppynge I wyll hop so well
That my tonge shall hop alwell as my hele
Upon whiche hoppyng I hop and not doute it
To hop so that ye shall hop without it.

Palmer.

Syr I wyll neyther bolle nor braule
But take suche fortune as may fall
And if ye wyn this maistrye
I wyll obey you quietly
and sure I thynke that quietnesse
In any man is great ryches
In any manner companye
to rule or to be ruled indifferently

Pardoner.

By that bolle thou semest a begger in dede
What can thy quietnesse helpe vs at nede
If we shulde sterue thou hast not I thynke
One peny to by vs one potte of drinke
Nay yf ryches might rule the rolle
Beholde what cause I haue to bolle
Lo here be pardons halfe a dosyn
For ghostly ryches they haue no colyn
and moreouer to me they bryng
Sufficient succour for my lyuyng
and here be relikes of suche a kynde
As in this worlde no man can fynde
Knele downe all three and when ye leue kyssyng
Who lyst to offer shall haue me blessyng
Frendes here shall ye se euen anone
Of all halowes the blessed iaw bone
Kysse yt hardly with good deuocion.

Boticary.

This kysse shall bryng vs muche promocion
Fough, by sainte sauiour I neuer kyst awars
ye were as good to kysse all halowes ars

For by alhalowes me thynketh
That alhalowes breth stynketh
palmer.
ye iudge alhalowes breth vnknowen
If any breth stynke it is your owne
poticary.
I know myne own breth from alhalowes
Or els it were tyme to kysse the gallowes
Pardoner.
Nay sirs beholde here may ye se
The great tooe of the trinitie
Who to this tooe any money voweth
And once may role it in his mouth
All his lyfe after I vnder take
He shalbe ryd of they toth ake
Poticarye.
I praye you tourne that relyke about
Other the trinitie had the goute
Or else because it is three tooes in one
God made it muche as thre tooes alone
Pardoner.
Well let that passe and loke vpon this
Here is a relike that doth not misse
To helpe the least aswell as the moste
This is a buttocke bone of penticost.
poticary.
By Chryste and yet for all your boste
This relyke hath beshyten the roste.
pardoner.
Marke well this relyke, her is a whipper
My frinde vnfayned here is a slypper
Of one of the seuen slepers besure
Doubtlesse this kysse shal do you great pleasure
For all these two dayes it shall so ease you
that none other sauours shall displease you
poticarye.

All these two dayes, nay all these two yeare
For all the sauours that may come heare
Can be no worse for at a worde
One of the seuen slepers trode in a torde.
pedler.
Syr my thynketh your deuocion is but small
pardoner.
Small, mary me thinketh he hath none at all
poticarye.
What the Deuyll care I what ye thinke
Shall I prayse relikes when they stinke.
pardoner.
Here is an eye toth of the great Turke
Whose eyes be ones set on this pece of worke
May happely lese part of his eye syght
But not all tyl he be blynde outryght.
potycary.
What soeuer any other man seeth
I haue no deuocion to Turkes teeth
For although I neuer sawe a greater
yet me thinketh I haue sene many beter
prdoner.
Here is a boxe full of humble bees
That stonge Eue as she sat on her knees
tastyng the frute to her forbidden
Who kisseth the bees within this hidden
Shall haue as muche pardon of ryght
As for anye relike he kill thys nyght.
palmer.
Syr I wyll kise them with all my harte.
potycary.
Kysse them agayne and take my part
For I am nat worthy, nay let be
thole bees that stonge Eue shall not sting me
pardoner.
Good frendes I haue yet here in this glasse

Whiche on the drinke at the wedding was
Of Adam and Eue vndoutedly
yf ye honour this relike deuoutly
All though ye thurst no wit the lesse
yet shall ye drinke the more doubtlesse
After whiche drynking ye shalbe as mete
to stande on your head as on your fete

potycary.

ye mary now I can you thanke
In presens of this the reste be blanke
wold god this relike had come rather
Kysse that relycke well good father
Suche is the payne that ye palmers take
To kisse ỹ pardon bowle for ỹ drynke sake
O holy rest that loketh full sowre and stale
For goddes bodye helpe me to a cup of ale
The more I beholde thee, ỹ more I thurste
the oftener I kysse, ỹ more I lyke to burste
But syns I kisse thee deuoutlye
Hire me and helpe me with drinke till I die
what so muche praying and so lytel spede

Pardoner.

ye for God knoweth when it is nede
To send folkes drinke but by saint Antoni
I wene he hath sent you to much al readie

Potycary

If I haue neuer the more for thee
Then be the relikes no riches to me
Nor to thy selfe except they be
More beneficiall then I can se
Richer is one boxe of thys treacle
then all thy relikes that do no myracle
yf thou haddest prayed but halfe so muche to me
As I haue prayed to thy relykes and thee
Nothinge concernyng myne occupacion
But straight should haue wrought on operacion

And as in value I passe you an ace
Here lieth much riches in a lyttle space
I haue a bore of rubarde here
Whiche is as deynty as it is dere
So helpe me God and hollydame
Of this I wolde not geue a dr̃ame
To the best frend I haue in Englandes grounde
though he wolde geue me .xx. pounde
For though the stomacke doth it abhore
It purgeth you cleane from the colore
And maketh your stomake sore to walter
That ye shall neuer come to the halter.

Pedler.

Then is that medecine a souerain thyng
to preserue a man from hangyng.

Poticary.

yf ye wyll taste but thys crome that yese
yf ye be hanged neuer trust me
Here haue I diapompholicus
A spetial ointment as doctours discusse
For a fistela or a canker
Thys oyntment is euen shot anker
For this medicine helpeth one and other
Or bringeth them in case that they nede no other
Here is a syrapus de Bizanlys
A lyttell thynge is ynough of thys
For euen the weyght of one scrippull
Shall make you stronge as a crippull
Here be other as Diostialios
Diagalanga and sticados
Blanka manna diospolion
Mercury sublime, and metridaticon
Pelitory and arsefetita
Cassy and coloquintita
These be the thynges that breke al stryfe
Betwene mannes sickne̅s and his lyfe

From all payne these shall you delyuer
And set you euen at reast for euer
Here is a medezine no mo like the same
Which commenly called thus by name
Alikakabus or Alkakengy
A good thynge for dogges that be mangy
Such be these medecines that I can
Helpe a dogge as well as a man
Not one thynge here particulerly
But worketh vniuersally
For it doth me as much good whē I sel yt
as all the byers that taste it or smell it
Now since my medecines be so speciall
And in one operacion so generall
And redy to worke when so euer they shal
So that in ryches I am principall
yf any reward may entreat ye
I beseche your maship be good to me
And ye shall haue a box of marmelade
So fyne that ye mai digge it with a spade
pedler.
Syr I thanke you but your rewarde
Is not the thynge that I regarde
I must and wyl be indifferent
Wherfore procede in your entent
potycarie.
Now yf I wyste this wilshe no synne
I wolde to God I might begynne
pardoner.
I am content that thou lye kysse.
Palmer.
Euen so am I and say thy worst
Now let vs heare of all thy lyes
The greatest lye thou mayst deuyse
And in the fewest wordes thou can.
poticary.

For lothye be a honest man
pedler.
There layd he muche but yet no lye.
pardoner.
Now lye ye both by our ladye
Thou lyest in boste of his honestye
And he hath lyed in affirmyng thee
poticary.
yf we both lye and ye say trewe
Then of these lyes your part adewe
And yf ye wyn make none auaunte
For ye are sure of one yll seruaunte
ye may perceyue by the wordes he gaue
He taketh your mashyp but for a knaue
But who tolde trewe or lyed in dede
That wyl I knowe or we procede
Syr after that I fyrste beganne
To prayse you for an honest man
When ye affyrmed it for to lye
Now by your faith speake euen trewlye
Thought you y our affyrmation trewe
palmer.
ye mary I for I wolde ye knewe
I thynke my selfe an honeste man
Potycary.
what thought you in the contrary than
Pardoner.
In that I layde the contrary
I thyncke from trouth I dyd not vary
Poticary.
And what of my wordes
Pardoner.
I thought ye lyed
poticary.
And so thought I by god that dyed
Nowe haue you warne eche for hym selfe layde

That one hath lyed but both trulayed
And of vs twayne none hath denyed
But both affyrmeth that I haue lyed
Now sins both your trouth confesse
And that we both my lye so wytnes
That twaine of vs three may one agree
And that the lyer the wynner must bee
Who coulde prouyde suche euidence
as I haue done in this pretence
We thynke this matter sufficient
to cause you to geue iudgement
And to geue me the maistrye
For ye perceiue these knaues can not lie

Palmer.

Though nother of vs as yet had lyed
yet what we can do is vntryed
For yet we haue deuised nothynge
But answered you and geuen hearynge

Pedler.

Therfore I haue deuised one waye
Wherby all three our myndes maye saye
For eche of you one tale shall tell
And whiche of you telleth most meruaile
and moste vnlyke to be true
Shall moste preuayle what euer ensewe

Poticarie.

If ye be sette in mernaylynge
Then shall ye here a merueylous thynge
and though in deede all be not trewe
yet sure the moste parte shall be newe
I dyd a cure no longer a goe
But anno domini millesimo
On a woman yonge and so fayre
That neuer haue I seene a gayre
God saue all weimen of that lykenesse
This wanton had the fallen syckenes

Which by dissent came linially
For her mother had it naturlly
Wherfore this woman to recure
It was more hard eye may be sure
But though I boste my craft is suche
That in suche thynges I can do much
How ofte she kel were muche to report
But her hed so gidy & her heles so shorte
That with the twynklinge of an eye
Downe wolde she fall euen by and by
But or she wolde aryse agayne
I shewed much practise much to mi paīn
For the tallest man with in this towne
Shulde not wt ease haue brokē her sown
Although for lyke I dyd not dout her
yet did I take more payne about her
Then I wold take with mine own sister
Syr at the last I gaue her a glyster
I thrust a thampyon in her tewell
And bad her kepe it for a iewell
But I knewe it so hetty to cary
That I was sure it wouldē not tary
For where gonpouther is ones fiered
The thampion will no longer be hyered
which was well sene in time of this chāce
For when I had charged this ordinaūce
Sodeynly as it had thondered
Euen at a clape losed her bumberde
Now marke for here beginneth the reuel
This champion flew .x. longe myle leuell
To a fayre castell of lyme and stone
For strength I know not suche a one
Which stode vpon an hyll full hye
At fote wherof, a ryuer ran by
So depe tyll chaunce had it forbydden
Well might the regent there haue tiden

But whyn this thampyon this castell light
It put the castele so farre to flyght
That downe they came eche vpon other
No stone left standyng by goddes mother
But rolled downe so fast the hyll
In suche a nomber and so dyd fyll
From botom to brim, from shore to shore
This forsayde ryuer so depe before
that who lyst now to walke thereto
May wade it ouer and wet no sho
So was this castell layde wide open
That euery man might se the token
But in a good houre may these wordes be spoke
After the thampion on the walles was wroken
and peece by peece, in peeces broken
And she deliuered with suche violence
Of all her inconuenience
I left her in good helthe and luste
And so she doth continue I trust.

Pedler.

Syr in your cure I can nothyng tell
But to our purpose ye haue sayd well

Pardoner.

Well syr marke what I can say
I haue bene a pardoner many a day
And done great cures gostely
Then euer he dyd bodely
Namely this one which ye shall heare
Of one departed Win this seuen yere
A friende of myne and lykewyse I
To her agayne was as fryendly
Who fell sycke so sodeynly
that deade she was euen by and by
And neuer spake with priest nor clarke
Nor had no whit of his holy warke
For I was thens it coulde not be

yet harde I saye she asked for me
But when I bethought me how this chaunced
And that I haue to heauen auaunced
So many soules to me but straungers
And coulde not kepe my frynde from daungers
But she to dye so daungerously
For her soule helth specyally
That was the thynge that greued me so
that nothynge colde release my woe
Tyll I had tryed euen out of hande
In what estate her soule dyd stande
For whiche tryall shorte tale to make
I toke this iourney for her sake
Geue eare for here begynneth the story
From hence I wente to purgatory
And toke with me this geare in my fyste
Wherby I may do there what I lyste
I knocked and was let in quickely
But lord how low ꝑ soules made curtsy
and I to euery soule agayne
Dyd geue a becke them to retayne
And asked them this question than
yͭ that the soule of suche a woman
Dyd late amonge them there aphere
Wherto they sayd shee came not here
Then feared I muche it was not well
Alas thought I she is in hell
For with her lyfe I was so acqueinted
that sure I thought she was not saynted
With this it chaunced me to sneze
Thryst helpe quoth a soule that laye for his ease
Those wordes quoth I thou shalte not leese
then with these pardons of all degrees
I payed his tole and set hym so quight
that streyght to heauen he toke his flyght
And I from thens to hell that nyght

To healpe this woman if I myght
Not as who sayth by auctorite
But by the waye of entreate
And syrs the deuyll that kept the gate
I came and spake after this rate
All hayle syr deuil, and made low curtesy
welcome quoth he thus smilyngly
He knew me well and I at last
Remembred hym sins long tyme paste
For as good hap wold haue it chaunce
This deuyl ād I were of old acquentāce
For ofte in the play of Corpus Christi
He hath played the deuill at Couentry
By his acqundtance and my behauoure
He shewed to me right frendly fauoure
And to make me retourne the shorter
I sayd to this deuyl good maister porter
For all olde loue if it lye in your poure
Helpe me to speke with my lorde & your
Be sure quoth he no tonge can tell
what time thou couldest haue com so wel
For thys daye lucifer fell
whiche is our festiuall in hell
Nothing vnreasonable craued thys day
that shall in hell haue any naye
But yet beware thou come not in
Tyll tyme thou mayst thy pasporte wyn
wherfore stand styll and I wyl wyt
yf I can get thy saue condyt
He tarryed not but shortely gat it
Under seale, and the dyuels hand at it
in ample wyse as ye shall here
Thus it began Lucifer
By the power of god chife deuyll of hell
To all the deuyls that there do dwel
And euery of them, we sende gretynge

Under strenght charge & cõmaundynge
That they aidinge and assystente be
To suche a pardoner and named me
So that he may at lyberte
Passe saue without his ieopardye
Tyll that he be from vs extincte
And clerely out of helles precincte
and his pardons to kepe in sauegarde
we wyll the lye in the porters warde
Geuen in the fornes of our palays
in our hye court of matters of males
Such a day and yere of our raine
God saue the deuyll quon I for playne
I trust this wryting to be sure
Then put thy trust quoth he in eure
syns thou arte sure to take no harme
(This deuyl and I walked arme in arme
so farre tyll he had brought me thyther
where all the deuyls of hell together
Stode in araye in suche apparayle
As for that day there metely fell
Their horne well gylte their clowes full cleane
Theyr tayles well kempte and as I wene
with sothery butter their bodyes anoynted
I neuer sawe deuyls so well appoynted
The maister deuyll sat in his iacket
And all the soules were playing at racket
None other rackettes they had in hande
Saue euery soule a good fyre brande
wherwith they played so pretely
That Lucifer laughed merely
and all the resedew of the fendes
Dyd laugh full wellyke frendes
But of my frende I sawe no whyt
Nor durst not aske for her as yet
Anone all this route was brought in sylens

And by an vsher brought in presens
then ta Lusyfer lowe as I coulde
I kneled whiche he so well alowed
That thus he beckt and by saynt Antony
He smyled on me well fauoredly
Bendyng his browes as brode as a barne durres
Shakyng his eares as ruged as durres
Rolyng his eyes as rounde as .ii. bushels
Flastyng the fyre out of his nosethrels
Gnashyng his teath so vainglorioussle
That me thought tim to fall to flattery
Wherwith I tolde as I shall tell
O pleasaunt pecture, O prince of hell
Feutred in fashion abominable
an syns that is inestimable
For me to prayse thee worthyly
I leue of prayse as vnworthy
to geue the prayse beseechyng thee
To heare my sute and then to be
So good to graunt the thyng I craue
and to be shorte this wolde I haue
the soule of one whiche hithers flitted
Delyuer hens and to me remitted
and in this doinge though all be not quit
yet in some parte I shall deserue it
As thus, I am a pardoner
and ouer soules as controller
through out the erth my power doth stand
Where many a soule lyeth on my hand
that spede in matters as I vse them
as I receyne them or refuse them
Wherby what tyme thy pleasure is
ye shall requyre any parte of this
the least deuyl here that can come thyther
Shal chose a soule and bring him hyther
Ho, ho quod the deuyll we are well pleased

What is his name thou woldest haue eased
Nay quoth I be it good or euyll
My commyng is for a she Deuyll
What calste her quoth he thou horlen
Forsoth quoth I Margery coorson
Now by our honour sayd Lucyfer
No deuyl in hel shal with holde her
and yf thou woldest haue twenty mo
were not for iustice they should go
For al the deuyls within this den
Haue more to do with to women
then with al the charg we haue besyde
wherfore yf thou our frende wyl be tryed
aply thy pardons to women so
That vnto vs there come no mo
to do my best I promysed by othe
which I haue kept for as the sayth goth
at this dayes to heauen I do procure
Ten women to one man be sure
then of Lucifer my leaue I tooke
and streyght vnto the maister cooke
I was had into the kytchen
For Margerys office was therin
all thynge handled there discretely
For euery soule beareth office metely
whych myght be sene to se her sit
So besely turnynge of the spyt
For manye a spyt here hath she turned
and manye a good spyt hath she burned
and manye a spyte full hote hath tosted
Before ỹ meat could be half rosted
and or the meat were half rosted in ded
I toke her then fro the spyt for spede
But when she saw this brought to pas
To tell the ioye wherin she was
And of all the Deuyls for ioy how they

Dyd rore at her delyuery
And howe the chaynes in hell dyd ringe
and how all the soules therin dyd synge
And how we were brought to the gate
And howe we toke our leue therat
Besuer lake of tyme suffereth nat
To rehearse the.xx.part of that
Wherfore this tale to conclude brefely
Thys woman thanked me chefely
that she was rede of this endles death
And so we departed on new market heath
And yf any man do minde her
Who list to seke her ther shall he fynde her

Pedler

Syr ye haue sought her wanders well
And where ye found her as ye tell
to here the chaunce ye found in hell
I fynde ye were in great parell.

Palmer.

His tale is all mnch parellous
But part is much more meruaylous
As where he sayd the deuyls complayn
that women put them to such payne
By theyr condicions so croked and crabbed
Frowardly fashioned so wayward and wrabbed
So farre in deuision and sturryng suche stryfe
That all the deuyls be wery of theyr lyfe
Thus in effect he told for trouth
Wherby muche maruell to me ensueth
that women in hel suche shrewes can be
And here so gentyll as farre as I se
yet haue I sene many a myle
and many a woman in the whyle
Not one good citye, towne, nor borough
In Christendome but I haue bene through
And this I wolde ye should vnderstand

I haue sene women fiue hondred thousande
And ofte with them haue longe time maried
yet in all places where I haue bene
Of all the women that I haue sene
I neuer saw nor knew in my conscience
Any one woman oute of pacience

Poticary.

By the masse there is a greatelye

Pardoner.

I neuer heard a greater by our Lady

Pedler

A greater, nay know ye any so great

Palmer.

Syr whyther that I lose or get
For my part iudgement shall be prayed

Pardoneri

And I desyre as he hath sayde

Poticary.

Prouede and ye shal be obeyed.

Pedler.

Then shall not iudgement be delayde
Of all these three if eche manes tales
In poules churche yard were set on sale
In some manes hand that hath the sleight
He should sure sel these tales by weyght
For as they wey, so be they worth
But which weyeth best to that now forth
Syr al the tale that ye dyd tell
I beare in mynde, and yours as well
And as ye saw the matter metely
Solued ye both well and discretely
yet were your lyes with the least trusse me
For yf ye had sayd ye had made fle
Ten tampions out of ten womens tayles
Ten times ten mile, to ten castels or iayles
And fyl ten riuers ten times so depe

As ten of that which your cattel stones dyd kepe
Or yf ye ten tymes had bodely
Fet ten soules out of purgatory
and ten tymes so many out of hell
yet by these ten bones I could ryght well
Ten tymes soner all that have beleued
then the tenth parte of that he hath meued.

Poticary.

Two knaues before. i. lacketh. ii. knaues of lyue
then one and then one, and both knaues a lyue
Then two and then two, and thre at a cast
thou knaue ād thou knaue ād thou knaue at last
Nay knaue yf ye trime by nomber
I wyll as knauyshly you accomber
your mynd is all on your preuy tythe
For all in ten my thinke your wit lythe
Now ten tymes I beseech him that hie sittes
Thy wiues. r. cōmandemēts maye serche thy. v.
Then ten of my tordes in ten of thy teth (witte
And ten of thy nose which euery man seth
And twenty times then thys wyll I wold
That thou hadst ben hanged at tey yere old
For thou goest a bought to make me a laue
I wyll thou know I am a gentyll knaue
and here is an other shall take my parte.

Pardoner.

Nay fyrst I beshrew your knaues harte
Or I toke part in your knauery
I wyll speake fayre by our Lady
Syr I beseche your mashyp to be
As good as ye can be to me.

Pedler.

I wo'de be glade to do you good
and him also be he neuer so wode
But dout you nat I wyl now do
the thynge my conscience ledeth me to

Both your tales I take farre impossible
yet take I his farther incredible
Not onely the thynge it selfe alloweth it
But also the baldenes therof alloweth it
I knowe not where your tale to try
Nor yours but in hell or purgatory
But his boldnes hath faced a lye
That may be tryed euen in this company
As it ye lyst to take this order
amonge the women in this border
Take thde of the yongest and thre of the eldest
three of the hotest and three of the coldest
Three of the wylest, and three of the shrowdest
three of the lowest, and thre of the hyghest
Three of the farthest, and three of the nyest
three of the fayrest, and thre of the maddest
Three of the toulest, and thre of the saddest
And when all these threes be had a sunder
Of eche three, two iustly by nomber
Shall be founde shrewes, except this fall
That ye hap to fynde them shrewes all
Hym selfe for trouth all this doth knowe
And ofte hath tryed some of this rowe
and yet he sweareth by his conscience
Heneuer sawe woman breke pacience
Wherfore considered with true entent
His lye to be so euydente
And to appeare so euydently
That both you affyrmed it a lye
and that my conscience so depely
So depe hath sought this thynge to trye
And tryed it with mynde indifferent
Thus I awarde by waye of iudgement
Of all the lyes ye all haue spent
His lye to be most excellent.

Palmer.

Syr though ye were bound of equite
To do as ye haue done to me
yet do I thanke you of your paine
And wyll requite some part agayne

Pardoner.

Marye syr ye can no lesse do
But thāke him as much as it cometh to
And so will I do for my part
Now a vengeaūce on thy knaues hart
I neuer knew a pedler a iudge before
Nor neuer wil trust pedig knaue more
What dost thou there thou horeson nody

Poticary.

By the masse lerne to make curtsye
Curtsy before and curtsy behynd hym
and then on ech side the deuil blind hym
Nay when ye haue it perfitly
ye shall haue the deuyl and al of curtsy
But it is not sone learned brother
One knaue to make curtsy to a nother
yet when I am angry that is the worste
I shal cal my mayster knaue at the fyrste.

Palmer.

Then would some maister perhappes clout ye
But as for me ye nede not dout ye
For I had leuer be without ye
Then haue such besines about ye

Pardoner.

So helpe me god so were ye better
What should a begger be a ietter
yt were no whit your honestye
To haue vs twaine iet after ye.

Poticary.

Syr be ye sure he telleth you true
yf we should wayt this would ensewe
It would be sayde trust me at a worde

Two knaues made curtsy to the tyrde

Pedler.

Now by my trouth to speke my mynde
Sins they be so loth to be assined
To let them lose I thynke it best
And so shal ye lyue best in rest.

Palmer.

Syr I am not on them so sonde
To compel them to kepe theyr bonde
And syns ye lyst not to watte on me
I clerely of waytinge discharge ye

Pardoner

Mary syr I hartely thanke you

Poticary

And I lykewyse I make god auow.

Pedler.

Now be ye all euen as ye begone
No man hath lost nor no man hath wone
yet in the debate wherewith ye began
By way of aduise I will speke as I can
I do perceyue that pilgrimage
is chiefe the thinge ye haue in vsage
Wherto in effecte for the loue of Christ
ye haue or should haue bene entist
And who so doth with such intente
Doth wel declare his tyme well spente
And so do ye in your pretence
yf ye procure this indulgence
Unto your neyghbours charitably
For loue of them in god only
All thys may be right well applied
To shewe you both wel occupyed
For though you walke not both one way
yet walkyng thus this dare I say
That both your walkes come to on ende
And so for all that do pretende

By ayde of goddes grace to ensewe
Any manner kynde of vertue
as some great almoyse for to geue
Some in wylfull pouertie to lyue
Some to make hye wayes & such other warkes
And some to maintayne pryestes and clerkes
To synge and say the sarupes apoynted
these with all other vertues well marked
All though they be of sondry kyndes
yet be they not vled with sondry myndes
But as god onely doth all those moue
So euery man onely for his loue
With loue and drede obediently
Worketh in these vertues vnyformely
Thus euery vertue yf wel yt to scan
Is pleasant to God ād thankeful to man
And who that by grace of the holy ghoste
To any one vertue is moued moste
that man by that grace that one applye
And therin serue god moste plentyfully
yet that one so farre wyde to wreste
So lykyng the same to mislyke the rest
For who so wresteth his worke is in vayne
and euen in that case I perceyue you twayne
Lyking your vertue in suche wyse
that eche others vertue you do despise
who walketh this way for god & wold fynd hym
The farther they seke him ȳ farther behynd hym
One kynde of vertue to despyse an other
Is lyke as the syster myght hange the brother

poticarye.

For feare yeaste suche parels to me myght fall
I thanke god I vse no vertue at all

pedler.

That is of all the very worste waye
For more harde it is as I haue herde saye

To begyn vertue where none is pretended
then where it is begon the abuse to be amended
How be it ye be not al to begynne
One lygne of vertue ye are entred in
As this I suppose ye dyd say true
In that ye sayd ye vse no vertue
in the which wordes I dare well reporte
ye are wel beloued of all this sorte
By your raylyng here openly
At pardons and reliques so leudly

potycarie.

In that I thynke my faut not great
For all that he hath I know counterfete

pedler.

For his and all other that ye know fayned
ye be nother councelled nor constrayned
to any suche thynge in any cale
To geue any reuerence in any suche place
But where ye dowte the truth not knowynge
Beleuynge the best good may be growinge
In iudgynge the best no harme at the leall
Judginge the worse no good at the best
But best in these thynges it semeth to me
To take no iudgement vppon yee
But as the churche doeth iudge or take them
So do ye receyue or forsake them
And so beside ye cannot erre
But may be a fruitfull folower.

poticarye.

Go ye before and as I am a true man
I wyll folowe as faste as I can

pardoner.

And so wyll I for he hath sayde so well
Reason wolde we should folow his counsel

palmer.

Then to our reason god geue vs his grace

That we may folow with faith sekermly
His commaundimentes, that we may purchase
Hys loue, and so consequently
To beleue his church, fast and kaythfully
So that we may according to his promyse
Be kept out of errour in any wyse
and all that hath escaped vs here by negligence
We clerely reuoke and forsake it
To passe the tyme in this without offence
Was the cause why the maker dyd make it
and so we humbly beseche you to take it
Beseechynge our Lorde to prosper you all
In the kayth of his churche vniuersall.

¶ Finis.

¶ Imprinted at London by Wyllyam Copland.

John Heywoodes woorkes.

A dialogue conteyning the number of the effectuall prouerbes in the Englisch tonge, compact in a matter concernynge two maner of Mariages.

With one hundred of Epigrammes: and three hundred of Epigrammes vpō three hundred prouerbes: and a fifth hundred of Epigrams.

Whereunto are now newly added a sixte hundred of Epigrams by the sayde John Heywood.

LONDINI.

1566.